

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for As-
similating the Food and Regula-
ting the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Prepared by **DR. J. C. SCHWAB**
Solely of **ALL DRUGS**
A Perfect Remedy for Constipa-
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
For Similar Signature of
Castoria
NEW YORK.
316 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Castoria

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



W. J. SCHWAB, President.
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COMPLETE ROLLER MILLS
INCORPORATED MAY, 1868,

IRONTON MFG CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

GRAIN, FLOUR, CORNMEAL, BRAN, ETC.

Local Agents for Swift & Co.'s Fertilizer.



AUGUST RIEKE,
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Budweiser Beer Depot

IRONTON, MO.

The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Arheuser's Famous Brew on Tap. Saloon one door north of Lopez's.



W. W. STROTHER
CONTRACTOR
AND BUILDER
IRONDALE, MISSOURI

Plans and specifications furnished on application. Materials furnished, and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

WM. R. EDGAR, President. I. G. WHITWORTH, Sr., Vice-President
MANN RINGO, Cashier.

IRON COUNTY BANK,

IRONTON, MO.

Capital, \$10,000. Surplus, \$5,000.

Does a General Banking Business. Accounts Solicited.

Insured Against Burglary.

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F. P. HILBURN,
KEEPS A FULL LINE OF

HATS, SHOES, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
HARDWARE,

Plows, and Plow and Wagon Repairs, Flour, Cornmeal,
and Feed Stuffs.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, ANNAPOLIS, MO.
Come and Buy at Living Prices.

From Tarheeliana.

ASHEVILLE, Nov. 6, 1901.

At Louisville there was an hour's wait, duly employed by me in satisfying the cravings of the inner man. I had learned that there was a restaurant in the station, and I sought no further, being partial to terminal eating rooms. Nowhere in the city of my home State can I find a meal and service better suited to my country taste than at the hostelry established within the Union Station, and this fact predisposes me toward its kind. At Louisville the meal is served a la carte, but the bill is not summed up by items. It's a one-price establishment, giving the way-farer with a hearty appetite all the best of the transaction. My order—it was generous and versatile—was taken by a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lassie, whose cheerful mien and lightsome movements it was pleasant to take note of. She served the meal as though it were a pleasure rather than a duty as so much per diem. That far-away, keep-your-distance air which so often chills the blood of the hungry traveler and abates his appetite, found no place in her facial lineaments: the light in her eyes and the dimples her winning smile developed left no room for it. A deserved compliment from an elderly personage—perhaps all too susceptible to the charms of the weaker sex—didn't call out a frown, but strange as it may seem, a gracious acknowledgment instead. And so, my meal being thus garnished, I dined heartily and good digestion fitly rounded up the unusual experience.

I sing to thee, O kindly eyes,
And face of charming dimple—
To thy sweet smile of welcome kind
Alike to proud and simple;
And to thy heart that pulses strong and free
Its grateful touch to all humanity!

I sing to thee, O maiden fair,
With ways of graceful winning,
And wish thee every blessing known
Ere earth was blessed by sinning!
May riches, health and friends attend thy life,
And be thy lengthened years with pleasure rife!

Bidding adieu to "ye maiden kynde," I indicted a postal to those at home, and then took the train for Lexington. The coach I entered was soon filled with a lively crowd of youngsters, and long before the terminal point was attained my knowledge of football was augmented almost beyond the capacity of my understanding. I needed Daugherty sorely, just then, to help assume a fitting interest in the game. The boys were returning from Louisville where they that day had "met the enemy and were their'n." I hardly knew which to admire most—the good-humor and unabated spirit with which the former accepted defeat, or the ingenuity of the excuses alleged for the "accident"—for it was an accident, pure and simple, of course! The courage and confidence of the defeated was not a jot abated. "Old gentleman, just wait till the next time, and we'll show you! Watch for the next game between the Georgetown and the Louisville!" Many of the boys bore physical evidences of the earnestness of that day's contest, and it was a singular thing to note that those in most urgent need of embrocation and healing ointment were the least put down. The "team" and their friends left us at a station about fifteen miles short of Lexington, and the car was mighty quiet and lonesome the remainder of the way.

At Lexington I changed cars again and took a sleeper to Asheville. And that night I had my second experience with that ingenious torturing device known as "the upper berth." I first made its acquaintance on the return trip from the famous Pottsville Springs Convention—a congregation of the unwashed and unsophisticated who for the nonce upset "the machine" and in their simplicity attempted to replace policy with principle. For a time I thought they had succeeded; but I am not so sure of it now—anyway, the result seems to lack the quality of endurance. Principle is an unyielding, cross-grained fellow who often counters our dearest wishes; Policy is facile, insinuating and pleasing. Principle, though self-asserting, is not usually obtrusive; Policy, while seemingly yielding, is selfish and exacts three-fold. Principle often shuts himself up within himself; Policy is ever-present and always affable and plausible. Principle can afford to wait; Policy deals only with the present. It is a happy conjunction when the two join forces, but even on such rare occasion Principle nearly always suffers in the end—so prone is man to discount future reward for present advantage. In short, in these "commercial" days, may not devotion to Principle be termed political heresy? But enough of this—d—n politics in an off-year!

Well, I perforce took an upper berth from Lexington to Asheville, and got along fairly well with it, considering my avoirdupois; but I yet bear as mementoes of its constrained limits several well-defined bumps on my devoted cranium. Somehow, I managed to wriggle out of my outer garments, but a deuce of a time I had in storing them out of the way of my tired corpus. The net-bag next to the wall was trickier than a circus mule and emptied itself as diligently as I filled it, until I gave up in despair and strewed my personal belongings over the bunk as best I could. My trousers, vest and coat pockets, in the necessary handling of those garments, emptied them of their contents; my collar and necktie hid themselves in the crevices and were safe enough until I need them; but what to do with my spectacles was a poser! Finally, I again had recovered to the recalcitrant net-bag afore-said, and ingeniously inserting either temple through a corresponding loop of the net-work, they hung secure, and I composed myself to sleep. A clear conscience, aided by good digestion, accomplishes wonders. I slept several hundred miles tranquilly and awoke to the misery of my situation only with the well advanced morning. In the berth the preliminaries of dressing were cut to the extreme limit, and, shoes in hand, I sought the lavatory and there finished the adornment of my person, feeling pretty well, after all, thank you!

At Knoxville a hot breakfast awaited us, with forty minutes vouchsafed for its discussion, when we again speeded on our journey. Shortly after passing Morristown the train began its eighty-mile climb up the mountains, side-by-side with the swift-running French Broad river. As in a former letter, some years ago, I gave my impressions of the scenery, along this never-to-be-forgotten route, I shall forbear to again burden the reader with them. Only, he who has not made this trip lacks one of the pleasantest experiences known to the traveler. Those eighty miles are worth the crossing of the continent to traverse.

After a three days' tarry at the Swannanoa, I found me suitable lodgings at a private boarding-house—158 Chestnut street—you see I am not afraid to make known my exact whereabouts—and here I am very pleasantly situated, indeed. Not that my short stay at the hotel was unpleasant; on the contrary, from old association as well as the congeniality of the present management, I was loath to make a change. But I needed quieter quarters, where my frail resolution would suffer less from temptation to social intercourse, and house me more closely to one of the purposes of my sojourn in this altitudinous atmosphere. Yet, in this, I don't know that I have bettered my surroundings: there are here several bright and winning young ladies whose companionship I find mighty agreeable—perhaps too much for their pleasure and edification. But I try to keep my desire for company within bounds, and so don't bother them more than three hours out of four—on an average!

Indeed my surroundings are bright and cheerful. My room is on the ground floor, nicely furnished. It faces the south, and these days the sun far on the other side of the equator, gives me the utmost of his kindly light. A cheerful fire burns in the grate, and the windows look out upon high peaks and ranges of mountains piled one against the other until in the distance a filmy, cloud-like contour replaces the blue and green and brown, which successively clothes their huge proportions. Never was sight far from home more favored, and yet a thousand times a day my thought wings itself across the intervening space—over mountain and river, through forest and plain—to the Valley I love so well! To the old friends whose being is my existence, whose welfare is my desire, and whose love and friendship are my delight.

Where bides the soul? The tenement of clay
Is but a shelter for its dreams!
Awake, it spans the earth; nor night nor day,
Nor mountains high, nor flooding streams,
Nor ocean's vasty depths and surging tides,
Can mark its bounds, or compass in its strides!
Where bides the soul? In shrine of high resolve—
The purpose strong to strive and win!
To all the ways that Duty's laws involve,
The soul, awakened, enters in!
As on its mission called—now here, now there—
Its home lies in the boundless everywhere!
Where bides my soul? The hearts of those I love
Are harborage for it most sure,
Nor can it find or wish a haven above
The one its longings hold secure!
Then fondly I write,
In letters of light,
A legend sooth right fit for golden scroll—
Where home and friends are found, there bides my soul!

E. D. A.

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E. D. A.

State Finances.

Yesterday's *Star*, the afternoon Republican organ, made on the whole a fair comment on the state Auditor's report of State debt accounts, submitted in response to a request from the Governor. The *Star* says: "It strikes us that it is up to the *Globe* to make good its charges." And that is what the public thinks.

The *Star* says that it would be better satisfied if the Governor had given out the complete tabulation of figures. Undoubtedly the *Star* can at any time find the detailed tabulation at Jefferson City. The reason for not giving the full details in newspaper publication was that neither the *Star* nor any other paper would find space for the long array of figures covering all the receipts and disbursements of State debt transaction for thirty-five years. Such newspaper publication was wholly unnecessary. The summaries are sufficient. If the *Star* desires to examine all the figures or any particular detail, the Governor and Auditor will be glad to place the full report at its disposal.

The *Star* says that the State Auditor employed the very firm of experts with which it, the *Star*, was negotiating when it contemplated an investigation of the books on its own account. This seems to put the stamp of approval and confidence upon the firm. The *Globe* can hardly heretofore repeat its flings at the experts.

Yesterday the Governor issued a letter addressed directly to the *Globe-Democrat*, taking up specifically the charges of overpayments. He thoroughly exposes the emptiness of the charges. The *Globe's* tables have failed to take into account important items. By its absurd invention of "averages" it has overcalculated for some periods and undercalculated interest for other periods—vitiating its figures into utter worthlessness.

This conclusion of the controversy is bad for the *Globe's* reputation, but is good for Missouri. The State's finances are by unassailable proof shown to have been honestly managed, and for the twenty-eight years of Democratic control accurately recorded.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so had the attack been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by Arcadia Valley Drug Co."

The Callaway Plan.

The Kingdom of Callaway has started the politicians to thinking. The Democratic Central Committee of that county has decided to take time by the forelock in the settlement of the senatorial contest. At a meeting in Fulton the committee decided to ask the Democratic voters of that county to express at the county primary election to be held on August 30, 1902, their preference for United States Senator. The time is certainly far enough advanced to give opportunity for all candidates for Senator to be heard in Callaway county and for the Democrats of that county to make up their minds whom they will support. Callaway is in Champ Clark's congressional district, having been added by the last General Assembly, and he has many friends there. On the other hand, Governor Stone has numerous supporters in the Kingdom, and it was Callaway that started the boom that nominated him for Governor. Moreover, Wallace attended Westminster College and has relatives and friends all over the country.

The Callaway plan promises to become famous in Missouri. It is not altogether new, except in its application to the United States senatorship. It has been applied in Audrain and other counties to the governorship and other state officers. It has never before, however, been applied to a contest for the senatorship, possibly because there has never before—at least within the last quarter of a century—been any contest for this high office. The Callaway committee is the first in the state to take any action. It remains to be seen whether any other county committees will follow its lead.—*State Tribune.*

W. J. Shively, Batesville, O., speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I used it for my little son, and it has done me more good than any other I have ever used, and I have tried a great many kinds." Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

Vindicated by His Prosecutors.

Judge Advocate Lemly's repudiation of all charges reflecting upon the courage of Rear-Admiral Schley is a vindication of that officer by his accusers. Although not definitely stated in the precepts, the charge of cowardice was implied throughout. It was the basis of all the insinuations that crept into the newspapers; it was the principal count of the indictment of the naval clique and was boldly charged in Maclay's history.

Cowardice was the implied motive of his acts alleged to be reprehensible from the time he left Key West until the Spanish fleet was destroyed. The withdrawal of the charge of cowardice, which was completely refuted by the evidence, knocks the underpinning from the case.

Schley comes out of the inquiry before the decision of the judges with his honor and conscientious character as a naval officer and his personal courage not only unimpaired, but shining with brighter luster by the admission of his prosecutors.

There is nothing left now of the charges but questions of judgment, all of which must be determined, not in the light of the information we now possess of the conditions then existing, but in the light of Schley's information, instructions and responsibilities. There may be ground for differences of opinion or for after-the-campaign criticisms, but there is no ground for condemnation, or for reflection upon the honor of the man or the officer.

The vindication is complete now and the close of the court's open sessions leaves Schley a far more conspicuous and shining figure in the campaign which closed with the destruction of Cervera's fleet than it found him.

He is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as the hero of the Santiago victory and no technical criticism can deprive him of this honor.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

From Coopersville, Mich., comes word of a wonderful discovery of a pleasant tasting liquid that when used before retiring by any one troubled with a bad cough always ensures a good night's rest. "It will soon cure the cough too," writes Mrs. S. H. Humberger, "for three generations of our family have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and never found it equal for Coughs and Colds." It's an unrivaled life-saver when used for desperate lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at Arcadia Valley Drug Co. Trial bottles free.

The Failure of the Pan-American.

We hope that St. Louis will fare better financially than Buffalo appears to have done in the matter of her great exposition.

The management of the Buffalo enterprise counted upon at least 16,000,000 paid admissions in order to make ends meet, but when the gates of the great fair were closed for the last time it was found that the attendance aggregated only 8,200,000 admissions, including passes.

The total output of the exposition was something in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000. From the gate receipts only \$3,500,000 was realized against an expected revenue of at least \$8,000,000. Of course, something was realized from concessions; but altogether the exposition represents a net loss of nearly \$4,000,000.

Bad weather during the early spring prevented the exposition from being ready on time, and this handicap kept the crowds back at the beginning. Then the tragedy resulting in the president's death considerably reduced the attendance at the close.

Buffalo naturally feels disheartened over the financial failure of her great exposition, but she has the satisfaction of knowing that her enterprise was an artistic success in the most critical sense of the term, and that in many respects it was even superior to the World's fair at Chicago. Though she has been put to very great expense she has greatly stimulated American enterprise and the good effects of her great exposition will probably be felt for many years to come.

St. Louis is putting tremendous odds at stake in her great exposition to be held in 1903. She expects to invest not less than \$20,000,000, and she will have to secure an immense revenue from her gate receipts in order to come out even; but she is in the heart of the continent and has an immense territory from which to draw. On this account her enterprise may prove more fortunate than Buffalo's.

But it remains to be seen whether she surpasses Buffalo in producing an exposition which will be in every respect representative of the true progress of the western hemisphere in the civilized arts.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

There's Going to be a Meetin'.

There's going to be a meetin',
Which the farmers should attend;
And our city cousins,
Should also with them blend:
To gain success in anything,
We harmony must have;
Or in this world we'll never win,
Nor give a cheerful laugh.

Now in this special meetin',
You'll hear some speeches wise;
Who will at that 'ere meetin',
Some listeners sure surprise:
So if there're things you want to know,
Just simply note them down to time;
For that's the place where you should go;
When you're in Ironton.

You'll hear of scientific farmin',
Some facts which seem alarmin';
But these facts you surely can't deny,
As they are wrought by those who try:
Before the meetin's over,
It's cow peas and it's clover;
Of potash and of nitrogen,
Of these you'll also hear sing.

You'll hear about delicious fruit,
At that 'ere farmers' institute;
Horses, cattle, sheep and swine,
Of these you'll hear from time to time;
So please, kind readers, don't forget,
And mind just what I say;
Gather up your pluck and grit,
And call around that day.

AGRICOLA.

Geo. A. Points, Upper Sandusky, O., writes: "I have been using *Foley's Honey and Tar* for hoarseness and find it the best remedy I ever tried. It stopped the cough immediately and relieved all soreness." Take none but *Foley's*. Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

Kitchener Demands More Men.

From the Commoner.
The summer season is on in South Africa and Kitchener has asked for 25,000 more men. And this for the purpose of increasing an army of 200,000 to 225,000 in order to subdue a handful of Dutch farmers who are fighting for home and liberty. Where will Great Britain get 25,000 men? Volunteering has declined to nothing. Will Great Britain have to resort to draft? The South African war has been in progress more than two years. The strongest kingdom in the world has been pitted against two of the smallest republics. Yet to-day the men of the republics are holding their own, while the great kingdom is at its wits end to provide men and money enough to keep the fight going on.

British greed has sacrificed 10,000 Englishmen's lives on the veldt and kops of the Transvaal. Thousands more will be sacrificed in the future. For what? A few paltry gold and diamond mines. And this great republic has not only neglected its duty to a people struggling for freedom, but has lent its tacit aid and support to the nation that seeks to lower the flag of two republics and extend to their territory the rule of a crown.

Spreads Like Wildfire.

When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare, a leading druggist of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years." You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run-down man or woman. Price 50c cent. Sold by Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Castoria

A Special Offer.

To introduce it quickly into every home, the *St. Louis Mirror* will be sent to any address, every week, for three months, including the big Christmas number, on receipt of 25 cents, silver or stamps. The *Mirror*, edited by William Marion Reedy, contains the best independent political articles, Stock and Financial articles, Dramatic criticism, Book Reviews and general miscellany of any publication in the west. A trial subscription will convince you. For sale by all news dealers. Five cents per copy. \$2.00 per year. Subscriptions received by any news dealer, newspaper or postmaster. Write for sample copies.

THE MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

JUST ONE WORD
that word is
Tutt's

It refers to Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and MEANS HEALTH.

Are you constipated?
Troubled with indigestion?
Sick headache?
Vertigo?
Bilious?
Insomnia?
ANY of these symptoms and many others indicate weakness of the LIVER.

You Need
Tutt's Pills
Take No Substitute.